

A Needed Distraction by LittleMissRachel93

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Summary: Porn without plot, very non-cannon, no flames, just enjoy.

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A Needed Distraction

- Chapter Six -

The apartment was dark and humid as Richy stumbled into the small, cramped living room, a half full bottle of Scotch was clutched in one hand as he licked his lips hungrily, in all his life he had never felt so out of control, it was thrilling and terrifying at the same time, the massive amount of scotch was really starting to in as he growled softly.

Richy stopped suddenly at his bedroom door, his hazel eyes narrowing when he saw her small frame tucked beneath a fluffy throw cover, slowly he slipped in through the door, closing it soundly behind him.

She was lying on her side, dark locks mussed as she rested her round cheek against one of the many pillows, the bedroom window was wide open and warm Summer air rushed through, making the room even more warm.

Tugging anxiously at his shirt collar he nearly ripped the buttons off as he shrugged off the white cotton oxford, he had to ball his hands into tight fists to keep from reaching out to stroke her sun kissed skin, she was his absolute un-doing.. this beautiful, young woman who didn't put up with his tendency to flake out..who still loved him even when he came out late, night after night.

It had been his longest tour yet, a solid month without her to come home to, he needed her badly, exhaling deeply he padded to the side of their bed, panting heavily as a sheet of sweat broke out on his forehead, he couldn't stay.. he needed to turn around... drink a pot of coffee and sober up before he fucked her silly.

Suddenly.. her eyes fluttered open, the warm, deep green color nearly took his breath away as she sleepily blinked a few times, slowly pushing herself up before pushing her long locks over her slender shoulder.

"Richy?"

She called his name lovingly, reaching a small hand out to him as she watched him with concern filled eyes, her form fitting t-shirt barely covered her round hips as she rose from the large, king sized mattress.

"Don't.. I can't.. please.."

His voice nearly cracked as he resisted the urge to scoop her up in his arms, toss her on the bed, and make love to her, he wanted to run, but he couldn't.. he just couldn't tear himself away from her.

"Baby? Are you okay?"

The subtle sweet scent of her perfume teased his sense of smell as she drew closer, stopping in front of him to gently run a hand through his auburn hair.

"Don't..Don't touch me.."

Her mere touch sent an incredible tingle down her spine, a familiar stirring in his jeans started to chip heavily at his resolve, raising her hands she lovingly massaged her shoulders.

"Honey..are you sick?"

She adored him. ever since she had met him a few years ago at one of his nightclub shows, and he had never avoided her touch or even told her not to touch him.. something had to be wrong for him to act this way..

"Rach.. out..out of bed..now.. please, I can't take it.."

"This is scaring me..Richy, what's the matter with you?"

Reaching up to tenderly wipe the sweat from his brow he roughly grabbed her wrists, slender fingers tightening painfully around her wrists as she brought her hand down to the stiff lump against the front of his slacks.

((To be continued... ;)))